

But the Chicagoan was up in an instant, before a count could be started, ripping into McLarnin whole-heartedly and forcing the Californian backward to a neutral corner. There McLarnin, avoiding a straight left, tripped and fell without being hit by the blow aimed at him.

Both were bleeding at the final bell, Ross from a bruised and battered mouth, which more than once felt the sting of McLarnin's rigid straight lefts or solid left hooks, and McLarnin from the nose which early and often felt the banging impact of the fiery outbursts for which the Chicagoan is noted.

Ross Discharges Obligation.

Ross looked the winner at the finish of a battle in which he justified the confidence of his admirers. The betting as the battle started was 6 to 5, take your pick, and Ross lost no time discharging the obligation this confidence implied.

Ross was reluctant to take the offensive for the first two rounds, and as a consequence McLarnin's work stood out. Thereafter, however, Ross threw aside his cloak of caution and willingly entered punching exchanges with his heavier foe, generally outpunching and outsmarting McLarnin.

So startled and desperate was McLarnin that on no less than four occasions was he warned for erratic body fire. In the fourth, ninth, eleventh and thirteenth rounds Referee Forbes found occasion to caution McLarnin for leads to the body that were unintentionally erratic.

The accidental violation in the thirteenth was the most glaring, and McLarnin promptly showed his realization of the offense by touching gloves with his foe in the time-

honored apology. But these lapses, more than hurting Ross, brought home to onlookers the desperate situation in which McLarnin probably found himself.

McLarnin had close to a ten-pound advantage when the battle started. He weighed 142 pounds against Ross's 137½ yesterday at noon, and he undeniably had heavier punching power. These disappeared soon after the battle got under way, and Ross's opening caution was replaced by a confidence that was almost reckless at times.

Ross didn't rush blindly at his foe, swinging punches, as the struggle started. Instead, he adopted a defensive style for the first two rounds. McLarnin tracked him, like a panther after its prey, jabbing and hooking in measured punches to the head and trying to bring Ross's guard down with body punches.

McLarnin never got Ross's guard down long enough for a solid shot. He never dislodged Ross's protecting gloves for a clean, decisive blow to the jaw. He grazed the jaw repeatedly; more often his blows landed jarringly on the head.

After the second round Ross seemed to gain confidence and he ripped into McLarnin in fiery flashes through the succeeding six sessions. Times without number he pressed McLarnin to the ropes. He outpunched McLarnin in a body fire at close quarters and had the heavier champion slipping and sliding on uncertain feet. At times Ross twisted his rival in a manner that was altogether foreign to the Coast Irishman.

McLarnin plodded in as each round started, pecking and stabbing with his left and keeping his right poised. At times he held his fire hesitatingly, off balance or out of range. But Ross never held his. Whenever McLarnin halted or faltered, Barney leaped in eagerly, lashing out with both hands, driving home blows that didn't jar or bruise, but were, nevertheless, completely upsetting in their relation to McLarnin's plans.

Ross's Head Snaps Back.

Ross's head snapped back as if on a pivot at times, but it always bobbed back into position again as he rushed in with an avenging offensive for any stinging blow McLarnin landed.

The encouraging roars of the crowd echoed over the neighborhood as Ross backed his foe around the ring and McLarnin became cautious. With his fiery, two-fisted attack Ross drew blood from McLarnin's nose as the third round ended and the flow never was stopped. The fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth rounds were all Ross's